

## Spartan Family Teaser

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Summary: A little teaser showing snippets for my upcoming story. My first foray into this particular type of story.

## Spartan Family Teaser

A/N: I kinda felt bad about deciding I could multitask between rewriting TM, figuring my way out of a tough spot in TTFE, helping Chief kick ass in TDS and try and squish Mass Relays into TM-AaO, then failing spectacularly at it and not give up.

Also, I decided procrastination is procrastination, but procrastinating for 6 months is ridiculous.

And I kinda also wanted to do something for CNY, with me feeling bad about missing Christmas (or did I? I forgot) and the New Year's.  
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So, ladies and gents, soldiers and swabbies, Spartans and AIs, I hereby present to you a 600 word teaser about sibling hyper-lethal vector Spartans.

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><p>TEASER<p>

\* \* \*

><p><em>Halo CE<em>

As he awoke from his cryo pod, the Chief took stock of his surroundings. However, a movement next to his caught his attention.

Turning, he saw another Spartan in grey armour emerge from the cryo pod next to him. A thousand thoughts crashed into his mind. As far as

he was concerned, there were only 30 Spartans in existence, and he knew every one of them as if they were his brother or sister.

Yet, this Spartan was not one of them. He immediately erred on the side of caution and decided to keep an eye on this newcomer.

Yet, there was this strange familiarity about the Spartan. Who was this? no she? The slightly thinner frame and slighter shoulders meant it was likely to be a female. However, she gave off this aura of danger, one which John recognised from the subtle body movements and his intuition.

His mind raced, coming up with several possibilities the Spartan next to him was either from the second class of Spartan-IIIs, or from a different group altogether.

John forced these thoughts to the back of his mind as the technician began speaking.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Halo 2<em>

"The plating was about to fail, there's viscosity throughout the gel layer." The Master Gunnery Sergeant picked up a piece of machinery from the Spartan's old armour. "Optics totally fried. And let's not even talk about the power supply. Do you know how expensive this gear is, son?"

"Tell that to the Covenant," John said as he picked up his new Mark VI helmet and put it on.

"Well, I guess it was all obsolete anyway. Your new suit's a Mark VI, just came up from Songnam this morning. Try and take it easy until you get used to the upgrades."

They proceeded to do the usual tests on his armour, "If your shield's go down, try find some cover, and wait for the meter to read fully charged."

Just after he did that, the elevator opened to reveal Lt. Jane-B312, fully decked out in Mark VI MJOLNIR armour, flanked by Sergeant Johnson. She swiped a Spartan Smile at John, who returned the gesture. A sort of bond had been formed between the supersoldiers after Operation: FIRST STRIKE and the Battle of Installation 04.

"Either that, or you can hide behind me," Johnson stated, "You done with my boy here, Master Guns? I don't see and training wheels..."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Halo 2<em>

"No. I don't want to chance a remote detonation. I need to stay here," Cortana stated as John reached to yank her.

He hesitated, a significant part of him refused to leave her, who had been one of the few people besides Johnson and Jane to have been by his side the entire escapade, behind to the Flood.

"If, you know, I don't make itâ€¦ I still want to keep that promise to you," Cortana started, grabbing the Chief's attention.

"What promise?"

Cortana pulled up a rare image of Jane-B312â€”without her helmet on, "I promised myself that I'd tell you the truth about her to you," she cracked a smile, enlarging the photo of Jane's face and comparing it to John's, "She's your sister in every sense of the word."

Once again, the Spartan's train of thought came crashing to a complete halt.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Halo 4<em>

LtCmdr Jane-B312 removed her helmet, revealing her bronze locks. She walks up to her brother, embracing the larger figure in a bone-crunching hug, which he returns.

"Always knew you were tougher than that, John," She whispers.

After what felt like an eternity, he breaks away from the hug. Holding her shoulder with one hand, he swipes two fingers across his visor twice. A Spartan Smile, meant for the two of them.

Jane returns the gesture. After five long years, the Master Chief was back with the UNSC. And no Promethean was going to take him away. No, not ever.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Ahhh... Now that THAT's outta my system, I think I can focus more on my other projects and procrastinate somemore.

Till next time,

\_Q282\_\_

End  
file.